Small Rhymes. As my wife and I, at the window one day Stood watching a man with a monkey, A cart came by with a "broth of a boy," Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke:— There's a relation of yours in that carriage. To which she capited, as the donkey she spied, which she replied, as top "Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage!"
—New York Herald.

A man sat down on a hornet's nest; Quick his form uprose and fell. It rose like a shot, but it didn't rise One half as high as his yell.

--Philadelphia Times.

NYE IN THE FAR NORTH.

vice to Theatrical Amateurs-Scenery Pacific Rallway-A Night of Suffering. [Copyright, 1800, by E. W. Nye.]

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

The star of empire never did a better thing than to take its way westward, and especially over this road, as it has dodged the blockade most effectually and is really the whitest route to the coast. Having paidfull rates, I feel perfectly free to say this.

In the past three months I have pretty well done the boom towns. It is a good subject to study. For several years most all kinds of stocks, especially horned stocks, have failed to declare dividends Railroads especially, owing to close com-



"I STOPPED THERE ONCE."

petition and the great monumental folly known as the interstate commerce law, a legislative joke with whiskers on it, a local gag to get votes and break up business, have made dividends small. What we are pleased to call politics in America is really the funniest and still the most serious thing in the history of the republic. How best to be re-elected is the great question of legislation, not how best to deserve it. The country and the state may go to grass, but the fall elections must be looked out for.

I started out to say, however, that the new northwest, and especially the Puget sound country, is the great country. Half a dozen cities are growing up like asparagus in the moist London air of the sound. The prosperity of one does not hurt the prosperity of another. The more business there is for the sound the better it is for all. Nearly all the transcontinental roads are already there. Five railways at least are represented, and Asiatic trade will soon turn that way. The Northern Pacific, with its Wisconsin Central, makes a direct connection with Chicago, and so successfully competes with any on either road is poor enough, I think, Finally she nerves herself and buys them. and the corporation that banks on its A sob arises in the throat of Mrs. Bowles views is doing a poor business. A tun- as she discovers that only one of the panel especially is a disappointment. You pers speaks of her lecture, and that one talk about the tunnel for days before you | says: get there, and when you arrive how sad who sat near you before you got to the tunnel goes over and sits in another seat. I think the tunnel is very much overesti-

I learned with great sorrow this spring fered all of one night. I remember especially the other occupants of the room. constructed of deceased bed bugs;

THIS INDUED IS HELL.

He was a good man, but he was theroughly sincere. He was what you might call an outspoken gian, and said what he thought at all times. He was an eccentric man also. An Englishman once asked him about our constitution, "I am told," said he, "that God is not in your constitution." "No," said this plain man, "he is not in it." It was slangy, but expressive. By the way, theatrical managers and

lecture bureaus have some queer experiences also. The following is a true copy of a letter sent to a manager this year, the name alone being suppressed: - March 22 1890

"Major Junius Brutus Pend Union Square New York

"DEAR SIR-i Wish to inform you that i am a Writer, Lecturer, and Musician i Have wrote A lecture entitled Society and Common Sense it is not wrote mearis ment to De much good Among People in the High & low class off life claiming more congeniality and Socialism than at

fathers the Example of Noble Statesmen the Wrongs that is Daily inflicted on the Hireling class of labor with much comment on the struggles to Attain Society with many turilling and startling Facts and laughable Anecdotes It is by no means a dry or Prosy lecture but convevs meny Grand ideas to the lofty minds it is also slike hit up with Fire Season It i can see no reason why it safe. Should Fail to please or Draw crowded

"I will give you a Brief Sketch of my own Life and hope you will not consider

me Egotistic "I am a young widow A Lady of Cult-Education and Refinement and Wealth i would like to here from you, your manner of Doing bishess, What salary you would pay to such a person and if you pay traveling expenses Hotel bills or Furnish Lithographs or circulars or Door Tickets also will be pleased to bright new floral autograph album with you as a skin cure!-Life.

you do the Advertising yourself i will give you a History to Copy from. Adress "MRS. ALFARITA BOWLES

"Alick, Indiana, "P. S. I can give you Reference in Regards of Standing if you Wish. "A. B."

I have given a fletitious name and address, because it would be hardly fair to boom the lady through these columns without the consent of the editor.

She also adds: "I am an American by Birth with the Blue blood of Irish nobil-ity in my veins and in appearance quite represessing My Occupation is A Music acher of Piano organ and Voice I am blessed with a high soprano Voice caus-THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY JUST ing 4 notes above Second C with ease and Equality My Voice is full and Rich in volume with a sweet flute Like tone, and will fill any house or hall I have Aspirations of Alfarita Bowles-Some Ad- Wrote Several Books both verse and my name, contains those of Dr. Talmage prose Namely love in a Cottage Cast and Steve Brodie. in a Famous Tunnel on the Northern adrift Starlight Bess on the Waves Waiting & Return When Carrie Married Jako My friends advised me write to your address & see what inducements you would hold out in regards to my lecture on Society and Common Sense. "A. B."

Looking over this little wayside do any little domestic labors or not, but violet's sweet, flute like tones and fortissimo Capitals, one would naturally Congratulate the American people on the hance it may soon have to hear a person who is quite prepossessing, having Veins also with dark blue imported blood into them. Mrs. Bowles has a great field before her. She can lecture for some of the young local societies who have been so bitterly disappointed in Holmes, Beecher and Ingersoll. Taking her sweet, flute like voice in a shawl strap, she can go from point to point, emitting her lecture on "Society and Common Sensa" to a lost and undone

I would be glad to subscribe for a box, poor as I am. If I could cause 4 notes above Second C with Ease and Equality where only one had grown before, I would not remain longer in obscurity. would soar above mediocrity and do much good. She says it is by no means Dry or Prosy lecture, but conveys many grand ideas to the lefty minds. She might have trouble, however, in getting enough lofty minds at some points to pay her bills. Lofty minds do not always attend a lecture of this kind, but frequently stay at home evenings and read the county paper. If we could only make an appeal to the Lofty Mind that would jerk it from its lair on nights when lectures all lit up with Fire and Pathos are to be heard, it would be a good thing for all.

In fancy I can now see Mrs. Bowles dressing in the baggage car, as the train is late, and as she arranges her toilet be hind the peanutter's tin trunk, softly saying over her crisp little piece lit up with fire and pathos. Later on I see her trying to find the stage entrance to the It is locked. It always is locked. After twenty-seven Scene Shifters and Narcotic Supes have gained entrance they carefully lock the door, and while ovenching the fire with their salivary urplus they read "Punko Pete, the Dire Disemboweler of Dead Man's Gulch."

Hunting through the alley for the door, she steps in a mortar bed with her dress suit. I then hear her make a few selections, causing 4 notes above second (on third floor. When she goes in at last I hear her heart fall as she sees a few beetling browed men with their hats on, who have come because they owned a vacant saloon in which lithographs had been inserted in exchange for tickets.

Again I see her tossing on a hot pillow. raid to see the morning and the paper

"Mrs. Bowles, the misguided lectrou are. The kerosene lamps smoke all urer on 'Society and Common Sense,' the way through, and the young lady appeared in her other dress last evening before Eli Pangborn and Seth Bloomin thal for an hour with a composition which would scare a horse to death. Mrs. mated; also open to criticism at both Bowles has a good lithograph, and when you say that, you have said it.

"P. S.-She can get extra copies of this that the hotel at Wallula had been issue of the paper for advertising purburned. I stopped there once and suf- poses at five cents each. We do not know whose lithograph she is using."

Anon I see her also walking down the They had not registered, but they were street enjoying her bright new lithothere. They were not transients and graph, which carries a "cud" of tobacco they did not have to register. A friend in each eye, or wears bright red whiskers MADAME AND HER DAUGHTER EN GRANDE of mine who was a gued man also and a purple nose. Mrs. Bowles has a stopped there. He could not sleep, so he bright and beautiful experience ahead of put in the night killing insects. In the her if she only knew it. Lofty Minds morning the chambermaid found on the are not thirsting for scathing lectures on wall, puried up like a motto, these words secrety. Lofty Minds might like to see you, Alfarita, if you have killed several



husbands and escaped. If you had done ly to Show of an Elecutionary Power but as much in the elevating business as Sitting Bull, you might do well, but, having done nothing worse than to asthograph alone will not growd your "Bringing up the customs of our Fore. Halls with Lofty Minds. There will be nights when two or three lofty minds

vill be all you can scare up. Your books also must have been pubished very surreptitionsly indeed, for I have not saw any of them. Possibly you have the same man who imagines that be s publishing a book for me. If so, I beg our pardon. You could commit almost my kind of a crime and then, if you let and Pathos and just Spice Enough too him publish it, your secret would be

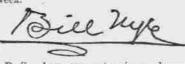
You will find, if you persist in lecturing, that some people will be disappointed in you, but remember even great men have disappointed also. Speaking of Dr. Holmes, one of his audience said there was no use talking, he'd rather read after

Holmes than to set under him. Having now given a very thorough account of Puget sound, I will close this cuted for obtaining money under false etter, hoping, however, to add still more

facts at another time. I must this afternoon go and pay for a

near from you soon on the matter If a music box in the hind part of it, which volume was sent to me for my indorsement, and pending my signature the said album was stolen from my room. It is pretty tough, to say the least. Writing an autograph is a trivial affair, but to become the custodian of a valuable collection and then have to replace it, signatures, music box and all, is not what it is cracked up to be.

This interesting series of articles on Puget sound will be continued next



P. S.-Any one returning a bronze plush autograph album which plays 'Little Annie Roeney" to my address will never regret it. The album, besides

THE FASHIONS IN PARIS.

The French Woman Always Dresses Appropriately as a Matter of Instinct. Paris, April 19.-I do not know how it is with your ladies, whether they ever



MADAME IN HER NEGLIGE.

as for us we always prefer to go about our salons in the morning and dust off our dainty little bric-a-brac and take a careful look through our kitchens and larders before we dress for the promenade or for the forenoon, and so madame in her neglige is one of our most common sights, only it is true no one but her family sees her. But every French lady holds it as a duty to be as neat and coquettish as she can make herself, Even your washerwoman will be neat and trim. There is no going about in slipshod shoes and curl papers for a French weman; no soiled or untidy garments for her. It is almost a religion to be neat to the point of coonetry, and I am French enough to believe fully in

So madame wears a pretty striped flannel dress, or even it may be calico or satine or challis, but it is made prettily, Of course she wears bracelets and rings but she wears a dainty little cap and carries her duster, but she never wears an apron. To her that is a badge of service, Only the bonnes, the flower sellers and grisettes wear those.

The charm of French women lies partially in the fact that they always dress



TENUE. for the occasion with an unerring instinct as to the fitness of things. The morning dress is suited for its purpose. The loose wrapper for petit levee, while combing her hair and getting ready to put on her neglige and taking her cup of chocolate, is proper for its use-cool and thin in summer, warm and wadded

Then comes the neglige while madame is doing her little housewifely duties, for madame is very saving, and though our cooking is proverbially good, we save all our fine clothes out of less money than an American or English woman would spend on the table or waste.

Then we have our shopping, or early morning, dress of dark but serviceable goods, and our carriage or visiting toilets, and lastly, our dinter, opera, reception and ball dresses. Of course this entails much labor, but does not the re-

It has become quite a style with us to have our dancing dresses very simple as compared with these of a season or so ago, and they are short, just clearing the floor, and we reserve our magnificence for grand dinners and receptions.

For opera we generally wear our old skirts with a fresh new corsage, unless we are going to a ball later, as it injures cassinate the English language, a good | a new skirt to sit on it three or four hours at a time, and we are very careful

That Would Be Difficult. "Why, sir," exclaimed an enthusiastic member of a brass band, "we can play the most intricate airs on sight." "I'd like to hear you play the airs the drum major puts on," replied an unbelieving listener. - Munacy's Weekly.

To Be Explained. "You do not believe in a fish diet, do "Certainly."

Then why do you say in your book on

'Health,' 'Do not go into the water after a hearty menly "-New York Sun.

Cobwigger-Quack should be prose-

protenses. That nostrum of his is no good. Brown-Pshaw! Didn't he sell it to LABOR THE LAW OF LIFE.

'Labor the law of life," that is your creed. Once it was true that art meant only grace. "A pretty flower this is." "a glorious face," den said, and so interpreting, did heed No higher call than came from sheperd's reed; The brawny arm was for the warrior's mace, The supple limb was for the champton's race, But higher, better things were lost indeed!

Now, in this newer day, what change is wrought; We know the law of life is labor, so We know the law of life is labor, so.
The hand and mind in unison are taught,
With each the other's ready servant. Lo!
What a grand world will awing beneath the sun
When heart, and hand, and mind are all in one!

ALL SORTS OF LOVERS. WHAT KIND DO THE WOMEN LOVE

Not the Handsome Man-Mullus Nemo. The Looking Glass-The Lesson in Navigation-I Don't Value What Nohody Else Values.

BEST ?

[Copyright, 1890, by American Press Association.] "What do all the women see to admire in that fellow? We men don't like him!" growled a remarkably nice, but remarkably unattractive, man in my ear, as we watched Mr. Nullus Nemo walking up and down the promenade with the prettiest woman of the season upon his arm and half a dozen more looking wistfully after him.

"Perhaps you men don't like him just because we women do," replied I unkindly, and then I turned like the worm. "But I'll tell you one of the things one woman sees not to admire in you, if you

"Only one of them?" asked my friend sarcastically.

"Only one at a time. It is in the very worst taste while you sit beside one woman to show yourself jealous of the attention some other man is attracting from other women. The theory, no matter how flimsy a theory it is, in the mind of every woman is, that she is sufficient to engross all the attention of the man she is talking to for the moment, and to envy Mr. Nullus Nemo his little success is to show that you would prefer his position to your own. Do you see?"

"Good heavens! Do you suppose I would rather promenade with that pretty baby than to talk with you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. The only important thing in the matter is that you showed me why you are not a favorite with women."

"Too kind of you! Perhaps you will give me some little instruction in the art of becoming so."

"If you will unbend the majesty of your brow, which is really too altogether appalling-there, that is better-I will give you one brief, comprehensive and most effectual rule: Attend to only one woman at a time!"

And smiling benignly upon a Russian diplomate just passing us,'I took his arm and sauntered away, leaving my Scotch lord to digest my advice at his leisure. Well, it was sound. There is nothing

a woman is quicker to perceive and surer to resent than wandering attention, and I think if one were to study the characteristics of those men who achieve phenomenal success among women, it would invariably be found that they possessed the power of concentration in a marked de-

Everybody knows that a man need not be handsome to be admired and beloved. Some extraordinarily ugly men have carried all before them and distanced the Adonises of their day as completely as Ninon de l'Enclos did the fair young debutantes of her time. Few men, in fact, have the strength of mind to bear being handsome without being vain.

I have lately said that beautiful women are seldom vain, although perfectly conscious of their beauty. They accept the fact, are grateful for it, use it as a weapon perhaps, but, if they have any brains at all, do not suffer it to absorb and know how to show that he knows it. their attention or to stamp itself upon their manner. It is like the multiplication table, a thing to be learned and set aside in the archives of the mind for use when it may be required, but not to be strongest and higgest man is the one who paraded at other times.

With men this is not so; beauty with them is an extraneous gift; they are not planes of the highest civilization the man born to it, they do not need it, it does not help them on in life, it is not for them the promise of love and all that is he whose homage most delights womakes life sweet to woman.

ments of success in the world, he can with a good humored familiarity bordermarry, and marry well at any time ing on contempt, by his fellows, will perhe chooses, and his looks will have very haps arouse in women's breasts a certain little to do with the matter, in fact are tolerating acceptance, a half pity, half rather a help than a hindrance, for a amusement very like that bestowed upon pretty woman knows very well that her the court jester or their own pet dwarf good looks are never so marked as when | by the court ladies of the olden time, but set off by a foil.

Beauty is far more striking when she promenades with Apollo.

painful attention to his complexion and her, and I replied: the color of his eyes; the ugly man if he thinks at all about his dress wears what the great dogmas of our faith." his beauty of the hour approves, and if But after all the ver most attractive he ventures on a bit of color it is sure to trait a man can possibly possess, and the be her favorite color, although it may be one surest to make him a universal fathe most deadly possible for himself, and beauty likes him infinitely better for the blase, washed out, board and languid reference to her.

pretty woman and opposite a mirror to care very much about things, to put steals glances now and then at his own his whole soul into the question of where reflection and, as he fancies, unobserved, one's new picture should be hung, or mustache or draws a quarter of an inch the more refreshing. more of his handkerchief out of his

The handsome man expects, nay, demands, the homage of woman as a sort of tandem in the park yesterday. divine right; he feels that she whom he distinguishes by his favor is in a manner bound to be upon her best behavior, and show a sense of her promotion by striving to deserve it; if she doesn't, why, there are always the others, poor things!

No, it is not the handsome man whom women prefer for admirers or fer lovers, unless indeed it is very silly, very weak, very varied women, who, having no self respect, cannot feel it wounded, and no attractions, cannot feel them slighted; they, poor souls, since they never have been and never hope to be adored, are quite content to become adorers and emulate the sunflower, which, fast rooted in its own quiet garden plot, follows its glorious lord as he travels from east to est, smiling upon a theusand other flowers in his course, and meeting ber patient morning smile with an unabashed

"Wall if it isn't handsome men, who

are the men that succeed with your most unaccountable sex?" asked a friend to whom I had been airing the above views, and I devoted a wakeful hour or two that night to considering the ques-

tion, coming to this conclusion: The man who succeeds best with women must not know too much about them, but must greatly desire to know more. There is no incentive to interest like mystery, and to the average man there is no object in nature so mysterious as the nature, the motives, the instincts of a woman. The really delightful man knows as little about these matters as

the noble savage does of a watch. When the first missionary showed the first Otaheitan his chronometer and told him that it was alive and talked to him the Otaheitan worshiped both man and watch, and everybody was very comfortable. Later on, when the missionary's uneasy conscience made him open the watch, show its wheels and springs, show how it was wound up and made to keep time, the Otaheitan felt he had been humbugged and at once proceeded to eat the missionary and spoil the watch by treating it with too little instead of too great

Moral: Never tell how the watch goes. But besides a great curiosity and interest in women the successful man must have a profound admiration for their faults and foibles, as well as for their charms. I have seen men who were too just, too logical, too mathematical to succeed with a sex which is fond of setting its own fancies above the narrow restrictions of such ideas.

A man may playfully try to make a woman see that her course is opposed both to law and reason, but if she declines to see anything of the sort he must not appear or indeed feel shocked or dismayed, but gracefully concede the point in question. Most women like to be lectured a little, and argued with a little, but they hate to be proved in the wrong. A man must not take the tone of a pedagogue, even if he is asked to teach a pretty woman common law or

I remember once asking a man to show me something about navigation, and after some bewildering information he began working out a problem in his

"What is it? Show me!" said I, wondering what absorbed him so. "Oh, you-m-you wouldn't under-

stand"- murmured he, with his whole mind in the figures he was scratching down. Does any woman suppose I ever liked

that man again? Besides interest and admiration, and delighted tolerance of her foibles, the successful man must have an excellent memory and ready wit. Many a woman has felt her regard for a man rise from

very temperate to summer heat by perceiving that he remembered her words of a year ago, or the fancy she had once expressed for a particular perfume, a flower, a color, a "fad" of any sort. A very ugly man made himself charming to me the other day by gently taking a sandalwood fan from the hand of a lady sitting next me, and while chatting with her and playing with the fan contriving to get out the rivet in the handle

so that the whole thing collapsed, and

he, with ten thousand apologies, put it in his pocket to be repaired. "I remembered your saying at the Paris exposition that the smell of sandalwood made you ill," said he to me presently, "and I am going out now to put this in my overcost pocket "

When he came back he smelled of smoke, and I do not at all doubt, when the fan was mended and he carried it home, that he said something very charming to the pretty woman who owned it; but nevertheless he said and did the right thing at the right moment for me, and I always like to see him approach. Again, a man must know something

Women adore power in a man. It is one of the innate instincts of the sex. Among savages and the classes which come next to them in our civilization the can take his choice among the women of his circle, and in the very most exalted who can command the respect, the attention, the obedience of his fellow men man.

An ugly man knows very well that, if A man who is the jest and the butt of he possesses even in moderation the ele- other men, or even he who is treated he never will command more.

"I don't value what nobody else valwalks beside the beast than when she 'wes," said a woman the other day in speaking of one of these court jesters, The handsome man dresses with a who was disposed to be very attentive to

"My dear, you are enunciating one of

compliment to her own taste than for man never can be very much liked or deany amount of correct taste that had no sired by women who have to fight against all those tendencies in them-The handsome man seated beside a selves. They want a man to be all alive, pushes back his hair, straightens his whether Russian tea or Roman punch is

One likes to lean back in the corner of the sofa or a comfortable chair and watch The ugly man under the same circum- one of these vivid and earnest creatures stances looks at the reflection of his com- as he rearranges some ornaments on the panion's face, and, if he dures, murmurs etagere, or demonstrates with pencil and something about "that charming picture paper just where the bouts lay in the lateregatta, or enthusiastically describes the "close shave" he had in driving his

And with all his enthusiasm and earnestness he must be capable of instantly perceiving when his energy is becoming alittle oppressive, and change to quietude and gentleness with perfect good humor and perfect contentment.

Another thing all wemen demand and ery few women, or for that matter men

either, obtain, is a true and earnest sympathy. The man who succeeds best is he who can put himself out of the question and listen and divine and meet one's confidences half way and "really and truly care" for one's troubles or perplanities or loneliness, or even one's fantasies. Most women love dearly to talk of

themselves, to discuss and analyze their own character, to tell their own experiences, and to ask what the confident thinks they ought to have done under such and such circumstances, and the man who can listen to these matters with true lour a day, however, - July



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CITY MAT.

Sincery and unaffected interest and atspend intelligently, who can remember and resume the conversation of his own accord, and say, "I have thought a great deal about what you were telling me and it seems to me"-this man will be popular among women, will outrank the handsome man, the wealthy man, the showy man, will in fact assume the position among women which he had who

mire in that fellow?"

Very Taking Way. Mrs. Fuss-I'm very sorry, Mr. Bent, that Charlie didn't suit you. He never did have very taking ways. Mr. Bent-Pardon me, madam, but it was his taking way that we could not

It was not a Beston young lady, but an aged colored woman, who was overheard to declare that there weren't many men in this country as rich as the "Roths children."-Youth's Companion.

"Why do I speak of the 'snaceptable'

Still Empty of All Save Air.



Landlerd-That belongs to Professor Zweigfer, on the four below. He bought s new boss horn, and, as his ceiling is ow, I gave him permission to run it hrough this fiser. He practices only an CHICAGO LUMBER CO.

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Mahan Brothers.

so irritated my friend quoted a while ago "What do all the women see to ad-



The Beasen.

"The 's the point." "Because the potato is so easily mash-

ed."-Harper's Bazar.



Prospective Tenant-What's that appliance for?